THE FINDING OF FINGALL BY GIBERT PARKER. "So, so, Cynthie!" he said. "Sit down and drew at he quick. At last she rose, her body steady, but her hands having that he quick. At last she rose, her body steady, but her hands having that he quick. At last she rose, her body steady, but her hands having that he quick. At last she rose, her body steady, but her hands having that he quick. At last she rose, her body steady, but her hands having that her said. "Will you not stay. Cynthie!" he said. "By GIBERT PARKER. BY GIBER

sharp and clear in the liquid monotone, was the crack of a woodpecker's beak on a blekory tree.

"And what came after!

"The worst. That night the girl's father killed himself, and the two were buried in the same grave. Cynthie—"

"Fingall! Fingall! Oh, Fingall!"

loved him too much. But women—et puis, when a woman gets a man between her and the heaven above and the earth beneath, and there comes the great hunger, what is the good? A do you think? So much all at once.

Presently Pierre went on.

"Fingall was gentil. He would take off his hat to a squaw. It made no difference what others did; he didn't think; it was like breating to him. How can you tell the way things happen? Cynthie's father kept the tavern at St. Gabriel's Fork, over against the great sawmill. Fingall was foreman of a grang in the humber yard. Cynthie's father kept the tavern at St. Gabriel's Fork, over against the great sawmill. Fingall was foreman of the fingall was for a gang in the lumber yard. Cynthie has a brother-Fenn. Fenn was as bad as they make, but she loved him and Fingali knew it well, while he hated the young skunk. The girl's eyes were like two little fireflies when Fingall vas about, and what he thought of her he said to me once, 'They are the kind God made for the whole year round.' He was a gentleman though he had only half a name—Fingall—like that! I think he did not expect to stay; he seemed to be waiting for something for always when the mail came in he would be there, and afterward you wouldn't see him for a time. So it seemed to me that he made up his mind to think nothing of Cynthie, and to say

Fingall! Fingall! Oh, Fingall!" The strange, sweet, singing voice sounded nearer. 'She is coming this way, Pierre," said

"I hope not to see her. What is the "Well, let us have the rest of the

"Her brother Fenn was in Fingall's gang. One day there was trouble. Fenn called Fingall a liar. The gang stopped piling. They expected the usual thing. It did not come. Fingall told him to leave the yard and they would settle some other time. That night there was a wicked thing. We were sitting in the barroom when we heard two shots and then a fall. We ran into the other room. There was Fenn on the floor dying. He lifted himself on his elbow. pointed at Fingall and fell back. The father of the boy stood, white and still. a few feet away. There was no pistol showing—none at all. The men closed in on Fingall now. He did not stir; he seemed to be thinking of something else. He had a puzzled, sorrowful look. The men roared around him, but he waved them back for a moment and looked first at the father, then at the son. I could not understand at first. Some one pulled a pistol out of Fingall's pocket and showed it. At the moment Cynthic came in. She gave a I do not want to hear a cry like the boy and caught his head to her breast. Then, with a wild look, she asked who did it. They had just taken Fingall out into the barroom. They did not tell her his name, for they knew that she loved him.

"'Father,' she said all at once, 'have you killed the man that killed Fenn?' "The old man shook his head. There was a sick color in his face.
"Then I will kill him," she said.

"She laid her brother's head down and stood up. Some one put in he hand the pistol and told her it was the same that had killed Fenn. She took it up and came with us. The old man stood still where he was. He was like stone. I looked at him for a minute and thought, then I turned round and went to the barroom. The old man followed. Just as I got inside the door. I saw the girl start back and her hand drop, for she saw that it was Fingall. He was looking at her very strange. It was the rule to empty the gun into a man who had been sentenced, an al-ready Fingall had heard his 'God, have The girl was to do it.

"Fingall said to her in a muffled voice. Fire, Cynthie."
"I guessed what she would do. In a kind of dream she raised the pistol upup-up, till I could see it was out of range of his head, and she fired. One, two, three, four, five! Fingall never moved a muscle. But the bullets spot-ted the wall at the side of his head. She paused after the five, but the arm was still held out, and her finger was on the trigger. She seemed to be in a dream. There were only six chamber in the gun, and, of course, one chamber was empty. Fenn had its bullet in his lungs, as we thought. Some one beside Cynthie touched her arm, pushing it down. But there was another shot; and this time, because of the push, the bullet lodged in Fingall's skull."

Pierre paused now, but waved his hand toward the mist which now hung high up like a canopy between the hills. "But," said Lawless, not heeding the scene. "what about that sixth bullet?"
"Mon Dieu, it is plain! Fingall did not fire the shot. His revolver was full every chamber, when Cynthie first took

"Who killed the lad?"
"Can you not guess? There has been words between the father and the boy: both had fierce blood: the father in a bad minute fired. The boy wanted reverge on Fingali, and, to save his father, laid it on the other. The old man? Well, I do not know whether he

It was a sweet, fresh autumn morning 'You hear? Yes, like that all the in Lonesome valley. Before night the time as she sat on the floor, her hair deer would bellow reply to the hunters' about her like a cloud and the dead borifles and the mountain goat call to its dies in the next room. She thought unknown gods; but now there was only the wild duck skimming the river, and then rising and fading into the mist, the high hilltop, the sun, and again that strange cry: "Fingal!! Oh, Fingal! Fingal!"

The next room. She thought that she had killed Fingall, and she knew now that he was innocent. The two were buried. Then we told her that Fingall was not dead. She used to come and sit outside the door and listen to his breathing and ask if he Two men, lounging at a fire on a ledge of the hills, raised their eyes to the of the hills, raised their eyes to the mountain side beyond and above them and one said presently:

"The second time. It's a woman's voice, Pierre."

or lyin? If we said he did she d have come in to him, and that would do no good, for he wasn't right in his mind.

By and by we told her he was getting well, and then she didn't come, but Pierre nodded, and abstractedly stirred the coals about with a twig.
"Well, it is a pity—the poor Cynthie!" of a woman—it is so strange. When he Well, it is a fity—the poor Cynthie!" of a woman—it is so strange. When he was strong enough to go out I went with him the first time. He was all thin and handsome as you can think. "It is a woman, then. You know her, Plerre—her story?"

Pierre raised his head toward the sound; then, after a moment, said:
"I know Fingall."
"And the woman? Tell me."
"And the woman? Tell me."
"And the girl. Fingall was such as Shon McGann, all fire and heart and devil-may-care. She—she was not beautiful except in the eye, but that was like a flame of red and blue. Her hair, too, then, would trip her, if it hung loose. That was all, except that she loved him too much. But women—et puis, when a woman gets a man be-

the earth beneau,
the great hunger, what is the good? A
man cannot understand, but he can see
and he can fear. What is the good?
To play with life, that is not much, but
to play with a soul is more than a thousand lives. Look at Cynthie."

He paused and Lawless waited patiently. He knew Pierre well.

Presently Pierre went on.

Presently Pierre went on.

Od you think? So much
"Hush, Pierre. There she is." Lawless said, pointing to a ledge of rock
not far away.

The girl stood looking out across the
valley, a weird, rapt look in her face,
her hair falling loose, a staff like a
shepherd's crook in one hand, the other
over her eyes, as she slowly looked



Lawless and Pierre Softly Turned and Stole Away.

They watched her till she rounded a cliff and was gone, then they shouldered their kits and passed up the is better-better.'

swift of frost lay on the ground, and the sky was darkened often by the flight of the wild geese southward, they came upon a hut perched on a bluff at the edge of a clump of pines. It was morning, and Whitefaced mountain shone soleanny clear without a touch of ire from the deed. solemnly clear, without a touch of cloud or mist from its haunches to its

They knocked at the hut door, and They knocked at the full door, and in answer to a voice entered. The sunlight streamed in over a woman lying upon a heap of dried flowers in a corner and a man kneeling beside her. They came near, and saw that the wo-

"From a book which Fingall left beind."

"Where did sne get it:
the smiling, pathetic face. "Poor girl!"
he said. "Poor girl!"

"She will get well?" asked Pierre.
"God grant it!" Fingall replied. "She river on the trail of the wapiti.

Lawless and Pierre softly turned and stole away, leaving the man alone with

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They came near, and saw that the woman was Cynthie.

Then Pierre broke out suddenly, "Fingall!" and caught the kneeling man by the shoulder. At the sound of his voice the woman's eyes opened.

"Fingall! Oh, Fingall!" she said, and reached up a hand.

The bearded man stopped and caught her to his breast.

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